

# Iron County Register.

By E. L. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI

## THE LONG-AGO.

O, the beautiful, beautiful past,  
With its memories all aglow;  
They are gleaming to-night, with a radi-  
ance bright,  
From the shadowy long-ago.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and rough,  
Where our feet grew weary and worn,  
Are brought to view and are clothed anew  
With a beauty of heaven-born.

The storm in the valley sighed,  
With its sometimes sweet refrain,  
But our souls are at rest on its heaving  
breast,  
For the music alone remains.

The sunset of life draws near  
In the sweet and blessed calm;  
Its tender rays glide the sombre day,  
And mellow its tears to balm.

And we list at eventide  
For the distant bells, which, lo!  
In the waning light, ring a sweet good-  
night.  
To the chiming of the long-ago.  
—Marion Boal, in United Presbyterian.

## The Hollow in the Red Rocks.

By A. W. Whitehouse.

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SUDDEN and unlooked-for things  
happen in the mountains. For all  
that we are civilized, and the bad man  
is no longer very bad, evil deeds are  
done among the lonely peaks, and  
sometimes two men go on a journey,  
and very long afterwards one skeleton  
is found.

I am now able to give some sort  
of an explanation of the motives which  
brought about the strange disappear-  
ance of my partner last October,  
though many of the facts remain to be  
cleared up.

To tell a connected story, I have to  
go back to a time when I was only a  
small ranchman, holding the nucleus  
of the present splendid property, and  
the Black Hills Land & Cattle com-  
pany did not exist. In a matter of  
business I had made the acquaintance  
of old Matthew Sparks, the great  
dressed beef man at the Chicago stock  
yards, and the business acquaintance  
had developed into a personal friend-  
ship, during the course of which Mr.  
Sparks had been very kind to me in-  
deed.

It was in the spring of '97 that I re-  
ceived the letter from Mr. Sparks  
which made so great a change in my  
prospects. It was very long, and went  
rather fully into business details, but  
one extract from it is necessary for the  
proper understanding of later events.

"I am sorry to say," he wrote, "that  
Archie (his only son) has signified his  
entrance into business life by a very  
disreputable social scandal. There was  
an entanglement with a girl, followed  
by her suicide. I need hardly say that  
I know of it in my time, Archie should  
have done his duty at any cost to the  
family, but, as it is, Chicago is too hot  
to hold him, and it will be better for  
him to keep away for several years. Archie  
is devoted to outdoor pursuits, and will  
probably take quite kindly to ranching,  
though he is no good at all in the office."

Then followed an offer which made  
me sit up. Briefly, I was to acquire on  
his behalf enough neighboring prop-  
erty to support 40,000 head of cattle,  
and my own interest in the concern was  
to be so large as to make me a fairly  
wealthy man in the course of a very  
few years. The only pill was Archie.  
I had met that youth, and did not  
like him. He was to be appointed  
a subordinate officer in the company,  
and was to enjoy the income of a large  
block of its stock, provided that he  
made his regular home at the ranch  
and never slept away from it for more  
than 14 consecutive nights.

Apart from my obligations to Mr.  
Sparks, the offer was too good to be  
refused. There is a sweet certainty  
about cattle when you are enfolded in  
the kindly arms of the best trust that  
no cowboy could resist; and so it was  
not very long before Archibald Sparks  
came to take up his residence at the ranch.

It is well to say nothing but good  
of the dead, but as there is not yet any  
legal proof that Archie has crossed the  
great divide I must hasten to describe  
him while I can do so with a clear con-  
science.

He belonged to a not uncommon  
type that is repulsive to men, though  
by no means unattractive to women,  
a type which I can only define as the  
unpleasantly physical. His body was  
robust and he had glorified the care of  
his person into a kind of religion. He  
was an extremely well-built boy, with  
one of those yearning, intense faces,  
that you see among a small class of  
poets and actors and a large class of  
brutes. Of brains, morals and applica-  
tion he was destitute.

During the first few months of the  
expansion of the property the work was  
chiefly of clerical nature—securing  
options, besieging land offices,  
interviewing surveyors and the like.  
In this I did not look for any help  
from my new partner and none was  
volunteered; but when the great herds  
of cattle began to pour in from the  
west and south, I certainly expected to  
be able to rely on him. And for several  
weeks, before the novelty wore  
off, he did save me a great deal of trouble.  
By July, however, the hot, dry  
season had begun in earnest, and you  
could hardly see the stock you were  
driving for the dust they raised. This  
was too much for Archie. He was not  
going to injure his precious eyes by  
any mere business consideration. After  
that I saw very little of him. His  
time was divided between shoot-  
ing, fishing and other pursuits of a less  
reputable nature, and his appearances  
at the ranch were just sufficiently fre-  
quent to fulfill the conditions which  
held his interest in the property.

It was towards the end of July that  
Clark Fenton arrived in the town in

which we got our supplies. Evidently  
belonging to the better class of work-  
ing men, he was short, extremely work-  
ful and spoke pronouncedly through his  
nose. His conversation was chiefly  
remarkable for its contrast to the  
vigorous and high-flavored language  
used by the natives. He never swore.

Apparently he had plenty of money,  
and at first when questioned as to his  
intentions, replied that he had earned  
enough for a holiday, and was going  
to look up a bit before settling on a  
line of work. He was jack of many  
trades, he said, and could make a  
good living as soon as he decided. He  
picked up a number of acquaintances,  
displayed a great interest in the re-  
sources and prospects of the surround-  
ing country and early in August an-  
nounced that he had determined to try  
his luck for a season as a professional  
hunter and trapper.

In this capacity he met with suc-  
cess from the start. He was a bril-  
liant shot, and though the country was  
new to him, he seemed to have a natu-  
ral instinct as to the whereabouts of  
game. Several short trips were ar-  
ranged by the local magnates, with  
Fenton as a pilot, and in each case  
they returned spoils-laden.

Naturally, Archie fell in with him,  
and naturally they had much enthusias-  
tic talk in common, but their several  
engagements prevented them from ar-  
ranging an expedition together till the  
middle of October.

About this time there were large  
and destructive forest fires in the  
Rockies, and the smoke hung a heavy  
pall over all the land. The sun rose  
and set blood-red, and men could hard-  
ly quench their thirst. Much game  
was driven out, and, crossing the in-  
tervening 40 miles of plain, deer and  
elk took up their abode on our range  
in the south part of the Black Hills.  
Other visitors arrived, not so welcome.  
A mountain lion was seen by one of  
our cowboys feasting on a calf, and the  
next night, ten miles away, he robbed  
the henroost of a fence-rider.

To harbor the beast meant a certain  
loss of a thousand dollars a year, and  
I turned his pursuit and destruction  
over to Archie, who took to the idea  
with great eagerness. He at once en-  
gaged Clark Fenton to accompany him,  
and on the 17th of October the pair  
started with a team and spring  
wagons belonging to the ranch, loaded  
with guns, rifles and all the parapher-  
nalia required for a two-weeks' camp  
in the hills.

From that day to this, no man, so  
far as is known, has ever set eyes on  
either of them.

A fortnight went by, but as Archie  
was supposed to be hunting within our  
fence (an enclosure, by the way, of  
about three-quarters of a million  
acres) and was at work for the benefit  
of the ranch, I made no report of his  
absence to his father. But during the  
third week the weather became very  
bitter and stormy—too rough, I should  
have supposed, for my partner—and  
when, on the 7th of November, I found  
that none of the cowboys had seen  
their camp at all, I became alarmed,  
and telegraphed to Mr. Sparks.

Promptly came back the reply:  
"Send up to fifty thousand in in-  
quiries. Draw on me."

The number of riders we put out to  
cover the ground, and the number of  
detectives we employed would hardly  
be believed, if I gave them; but up to  
June, '98, the only things we recover-  
ed were the wagon and horses. A  
Mexican in Arizona was working old  
Blue, and a missionary on the Crow  
reservation in Montana had Duck and  
the wagon, but they had passed  
through so many hands that it was im-  
possible to trace them back to any one  
resembling either Clark Fenton or  
Archie Sparks.

Poor Mr. Sparks took the disappear-  
ance of his son very deeply to heart,  
and his efforts in the search were re-  
doubled, but were entirely fruitless.

In June, '98, I had occasion to ride  
over a part of the range about ten  
miles distant from the home ranch.  
The nature of the country was rather  
curious. The soil was a heavy, orange-  
colored sand, growing a fairly good  
stand of pasture grass, and spangled  
at this season with wild flowers of  
every hue. At frequent intervals there  
rose red sandstone rocks, some of great  
size, and carved by weather into the  
most fantastic shapes. Here would be  
a table, many hundred tons in weight,  
set on three slender legs; there a thin  
slab, serving edgeways for a sun dial.  
Fancy could picture George Washing-  
ton, the Sphinx and other celebrities,  
when the strange masses were looked  
at from the proper point.

These crags were the home of wild-  
cats, and my bull-terriers (who gen-  
erally succeeded in following me when  
I meant to leave them at home) were  
soon bustling one from rock to rock.  
The cat finally took refuge in a mass  
of red sandstone about an acre in ex-  
tent, the terraces following, and while  
I waited for them to come out again I  
amused myself by examining the  
curious formation. On three sides the  
overhanging, to the height of 40 feet.  
At the top the weather had done  
strange work. Crowning the walls  
were great mushroom-like shapes, on  
high, thick stems, each different and  
yet all alike. The intervals were al-  
most regular, giving the appearance of  
a battlemented tower, or, better,  
of some vast fantastic crown. To the  
east there was a bluff, where willows  
and underbrush grew thickly on a  
steep slope; and amid them issued a  
tiny spring.

I could hear barking and spitting  
from somewhere in the rock, and de-  
termined to clamber up and see how  
my dogs were faring. I struggled up  
through the tangled undergrowth, then,  
with knees and fingernails up a slip-  
pery slope of sandstone, and checked  
myself at the top just in time to  
avoid a breakneck fall.

For the great rock was hollow. Just  
as the sheer walls rose on the outside,  
so they fell within, enclosing a great  
pit, perhaps 30 yards in length and 15  
broad. In one corner were the bull  
pups, actively assailing the cat. How  
had they come there? Examining the  
pit more carefully, I saw that on one  
side there was a difficult entrance,  
where the rock sloped down, and the  
sheer drop was only about seven feet,  
though there was no unaided exit for  
man or beast. I fetched a lariat from  
my horse, made a dangerous scramble  
among the mushroom-headed rocks,  
and, securing my rope round the stem

of one of them, let myself down just  
in time to assist at the obsequies of  
the cat.

The field of battle had centered near  
a small hole in the rocky wall, which  
a pack rat had partly filled with brush  
and various rubbish. This had been  
disturbed by the cat and dog encoun-  
ter, and further in the hole I saw what  
looked like brown leather. Brown  
leather it proved to be—a check book  
of the kind that folds over, and serves  
for holding other documents.

The checks had been used, and the  
counterfolios were scribbled over in pen-  
cil. The pencil writing was hard to  
decipher, but a very short inspection  
satisfied me that it was a diary kept  
by Archie Sparks.

This is what he wrote:  
October 18—Pain in my foot is awful,  
but I must write, as I do not expect to  
get out of here alive. Why did he do  
it? But you do not know yet what he  
did, so I will tell. Yesterday we came  
here and camped at the little spring.  
Started to explore the rocks about sun-  
set. Found the way into the hollow,  
and I let myself down by a rope. Left  
both rifles at the top, and Clark Fen-  
ton was to follow me down. Instead of  
doing so, he pulled up the rope, saying:  
"This place will do as well as any,"  
and shot me through the right foot.  
Shook must have made me faint, as I  
heard him saying things I didn't un-  
derstand. Finally wished me a pleas-  
ant evening; said I should see him to-  
morrow, and went away. Fenton must  
be mad, to attack me like this, and I  
don't like him any more.

October 19—Fenton is worse than  
mad—he is Minnie's brother. Minnie  
was my Chicago girl, you know. Was  
mining in Oregon then, and I never  
saw him. Now he tells me he is going  
to watch me starve to death, and hopes  
I will enjoy it. Pain in foot worse,  
and leg swollen. He let me down wa-  
ter in a tin bucket; says he wants me  
to have plenty of time. I see no hope.

October 20—Screamed all day, but  
Fenton, or Johnson, as his real name  
is, told me to go ahead and scream.  
Pain in foot less, but awful cramps in  
stomach. He eats his meals in full  
view of me. I ate gooseberry leaves.

October 21—Minnie came to see me  
to-day with a baby in her arms; opened  
a way for me out of the rock; I started  
to follow, but fell down, down, down.

October 22—Poor Minnie.

After this there were only a few fee-  
ble scrawls.

We have turned over all the loose  
sand in the hollow, and have had large  
gangs of men examine the ground in  
all directions, but have come on no  
other evidence that would support the  
idea that poor Archie was buried in the  
neighborhood.

Up to date there has been no news  
of Johnson, alias Fenton.

He is thickest, speaks with a nasal  
accent and never swears.

## Not a Promising Client.

An old lawyer tells a good story  
about a case he had, but which he  
didn't keep.

An Irish woman sent for him in great  
haste one day. She wanted him to  
meet her in court, and he hastened  
thither with all speed. The woman's  
son was about to be placed on trial  
for burglary. When the lawyer en-  
tered the court the old woman rushed  
up to him, and in an excited voice  
said:

"Mr. B., O! want ye to get a re-  
mand for me by Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the law-  
yer. "I will do so if I can, but it will  
be necessary to present to the court  
some grounds for a remand. What  
shall I say?"

"Shure," ye can just tell the court  
that O! want a remand till O! can get  
a better lawyer to spake for the by."

After telling the woman that she  
would have to get another lawyer to  
take up the case, he hurried back to  
his office a very angry man.—Rehoboth  
Sunday Herald.

## A Masculine Trait.

"Men, as a class, are not certainly  
in the habit of boasting of their good  
looks," said Miss Zaida ben Jusuf,  
the distinguished photographer. "At the  
same time, though, every man is sure,  
and rightly sure, that there is in his  
face some unique and admirable qual-  
ity, and on account of this quality he  
would not change faces with any one."

"There is an Arabian story," Miss  
ben Jusuf resumed, "which brings out  
well his liking for their own faces  
and their distaste of the faces of  
their fellows."

"Two camel drivers, according to the  
story, met in the market place and the  
first said:

"I met a man to-day who declared  
that I resembled you."

"Tell me who it was," said the other,  
"that I may knock him down."

"Oh, you need not trouble," said the  
first camel driver, "I did that at once."—  
Cincinnati Enquirer.

## She Would Not Do.

A Boston mother with the true Bos-  
ton woman's born-and-bred horror of  
anything "vulgar" had to engage a  
nurserymaid to take the place of one  
who had married. An advertisement  
calling for the service of another maid  
was inserted in the papers, and an ap-  
plicant appeared in the person of a  
demure-looking young woman, to whom  
the mother of the four young hopefuls  
said: "I am very particular regard-  
ing the language used by my nursery-  
maids. I am especially particular re-  
garding the use of slang. I never al-  
low my children to use any form of  
slang, and I hope you would not mind  
if I corrected any grammatical errors  
I might discover in your conversation."

"Well, I dunno," said the applicant,  
after a few moments' reflection. "I  
guess, lady, that I'd hardly come up to  
the scratch, so I might as well get a  
move on me an' look somewhere else  
for a sit. So long, lady."—Woman's  
Home Companion.

## His only Refuge.

It was a well dressed young man,  
with a sad, faraway look in his eyes,  
that stood on the steps as the lady  
opened the door.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, as he  
lifted his hat, "but could you direct  
me to the Home of the Friendless?"

"Do you mean to say that you are  
seeking it as a refuge?" she asked in  
surprise.

"I am, madam," he replied. "I am  
a baseball umpire."—Chicago Daily  
News.

## FEATURES OF MANCHURIA.

Roads in Rainy Season Are Impas-  
sable—Rank Growth of  
Sorghum.

The valleys of the Liao and the Yalu  
are separated by the great backbone  
ridge of mountains, known by a variety  
of names, which stretch from near Kia-  
ping to the neighborhood of Vlad-  
ivostok, the highest points within the  
area of the present military operations  
not exceeding 4,000 feet.

Just as in the Alps, says a London  
paper, we find short valleys and abrupt  
descents on the side of Italy and easier  
gradient with long and divergent val-  
leys on that of France, so in these Man-  
churian mountains, although the dis-  
tinction is much less marked, the north-  
ern slopes are steeper than the south-  
ern and often fall in precipitous de-  
scents. These hills are for the most  
part wooded, the forest zone extending  
from near Kaiping all along the water-  
shed to the Long White mountain and  
northeastern Corea. The southern  
slopes are more cultivated than those of  
the north and are covered with the  
debris of disintegrated granite rock,  
mica and schist, washed down into the  
valleys by the rains.

The woods vary in character in dif-  
ferent localities. In some places the  
local woodmen and charcoal burners  
have made clearings; in others the trees  
and undergrowth have been untouch-  
ed for years.

When we speak of roads in Man-  
churia we speak of things that scarcely  
exist. Apart from the mountain dis-  
tricts the roads in southern Manchuria  
have the peculiarity of being below the  
level of the adjoining and cultivated  
land. The reason for this is that the  
cultivators annually steal thousands of  
cart loads of soil from the roads in or-  
der to mix it with the farmyard manure,  
and they especially favor the mudholes  
in the roads, which offer a richer soil.

In consequence the tracks in the low-  
lying districts go from bad to worse,  
until they become mere stretches of  
stagnant water, and fresh tracks are  
then made across the fields, becoming  
roads in their turn. As there are no di-  
visions between properties, carts travel  
freely over the fields when they are  
hard frozen in winter, but in spring  
there is endless friction between farm-  
ers and carters when the latter attempt  
to traverse the newly sown fields to  
avoid the mudholes.

From the middle of June until the  
middle of July all wagon traffic ceases  
on the roads in the low districts and  
only the smaller and lighter carts can  
travel at all. From about July 1 to  
September 15 all traffic stops on these  
roads, which then become practically  
impassable for wheeled vehicles. Move-  
ment is then confined to the passage  
of light carts and pack animals along  
the mountain tracks, and this continues  
until some time after the close of the  
rainy season.

The Liao plain and some of the richer  
valleys near Liauyang and Haicheng  
have large areas covered with the most  
characteristic crop of the country—  
namely, kao-liang (tall grain), or sor-  
ghum. This crop is planted in drills  
two feet apart, each plant being from  
a foot to 18 inches from the next. It has  
the appearance of maize and the crop  
is earched up like an English potato  
field. Once the rains begin in earnest  
the kao-liang grows rapidly and shoots  
up to 12 feet or 15 in height, complet-  
ly covering even mounted troops from  
view and resembling a sugar plantation.  
When this season comes the Chinese  
footpad is in season and so perfect is  
the cover that the local authorities  
make no attempt to effect arrests until  
after the harvest.

When fully grown the stems of the  
kao-liang are rough and impede move-  
ment; the ground is usually wet and  
soft; as the crop covers three-fourths  
of the Liao valley, it renders all move-  
ments of troops next to impracticable  
for two months. The chief of the other  
crops in southern Manchuria are the  
small yellow millet, the stalks of which  
make capital fodder for horses; dwarf  
beans and a grass resembling small mil-  
let with white grains. In the Shuyeh  
valley only a little kao-liang is grown  
in patches, but there are maize, cotton,  
small millet and beans.

## Bees and Fruit Growing.

The beekeepers of a certain fruit-  
growing section of California once got  
into an altercation about pasturage for  
their bees, and, as a result, beekeeping  
was abolished in that part of the state.  
During the next few years the fruit crops  
fell off fully one-half. The question was  
investigated by alarmed growers, and it  
was found that the decrease in fruit had  
been coincident with the giving up of  
beekeeping, the pollenization, for the  
most part, having been effected by the  
bees. To remedy this, bees were brought  
in in large numbers, and, in a year or  
two, the fruit output went back to its  
normal capacity—a big argument why  
every fruit grower should keep at least  
a few colonies of bees to insure the  
proper fertilization of his fruit blossoms.  
—Country Life in America.

## Pay of Lobster Fishers.

A Rockland (Me.) lobster dealer, who  
ships extensively to the south and west,  
has kept a careful tabulation of the  
prices in the last four years and finds that  
the fishermen have been receiving a  
steady increase. In 1900 the smackmen,  
or middlemen, paid to the fishermen an  
average of 12.55 cents a lobster. In 1901  
the price jumped to 13.12 cents. The  
next year it was 15.83 cents, and last year  
it was 17.16 cents. The minimum price  
paid during the period was about nine  
cents and the maximum price 25 cents.

## Making of a Soldier.

"So you're going to Europe. Do you  
think you'll be seasick?"

"Not much! I've swung around on the  
straps of a crowded street car four times  
a day for years. I'm used to a rough  
voyage."—Detroit Free Press.

## Australia's Worst Desert.

The Australian government has orga-  
nized an expedition under Capt. Barclay  
to explore the region, comprising 50,000  
square miles, between Eyrie lake and  
the western boundary of Queensland.  
It is a desert of the worst type, which  
has cost the lives of several explorers.

## Vast Energy in Coal.

A chunk of coal releases, during  
combustion, enough energy to lift  
itself about 2,000 miles, or as far  
from New York to Panama, vertically up-  
ward against constant sea level gravita-  
tion.

## EXTRAVAGANCE IN FRUIT.

Fabulous Prices Paid by Rich New  
Yorkers for Rare Kinds from  
Foreign Countries.

In some of the very expensive res-  
taurants in New York and other big  
cities fabulous prices are charged for  
some kinds of fruit. In fact, you can  
order a special dessert in some places  
that will cost anywhere from \$2.50  
to \$25. These desserts, says a New  
York informant, will consist prin-  
cipally of fruit dainties, to provide  
which the greater part of the world has been  
ransacked. There are peculiar apples  
from Zanzibar, looking rather like  
turnips; pears, in appearance strongly  
resembling oranges, from northern  
Africa; grapes from English hot-  
houses; and Australia will most likely  
be represented by the Eiffel Tower  
pineapple.

Of all fruits Zanzibar apples are per-  
haps the rarest. Dozens of trees to-  
gether will only bear a few of these  
apples, and the time for picking them  
has to be carefully selected. They  
must be gathered just a month before  
they would ripen, otherwise they will  
very quickly spoil.

These Zanzibar apples have reached  
the enormous price of \$100 each. They  
are not large, probably containing  
about ten bites, at \$10 a bite. The  
apples have to be specially ordered,  
for no caterer would ever dream of  
keeping them in stock.

Custard apples are another expen-  
sive luxury. They can be purchased  
at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$25  
each, according to quality, and, ac-  
cording to those whose judgment in  
such matters is considered to be ab-  
solutely correct, must be eaten with  
pepper and salt. Two of the most  
fashionable fruits in the winter months  
are muscat grapes and strawberries,  
and until the end of January the latter  
are beyond the reach of people of  
moderate means.

A member of Mrs. Astor's "600" not  
long since went into a well-known  
fruiterer's in New York and offered  
\$250 to the manager if he could pro-  
vide enough strawberries for five peo-  
ple that evening. The manager under-  
took to deliver the fruit within seven  
hours, and then promptly proceeded to  
wire to 40 different fruit gardens with-  
in 30 miles of the metropolis for straw-  
berries. Seventeen gardens provided  
the required amount of strawberries  
(the remaining 23 not being able to  
produce a single one), and by half-  
past six that evening the fruit was de-  
livered at a cost of nearly \$250 for  
each strawberry.

There are several persons in New  
York whose weekly bill for grapes at  
this season runs to never less than  
\$100. They pay \$2 per pound for the  
best muscat grapes and receive at  
least three pounds per day.

The manager of a well-known fruiter-  
er's establishment recently declared  
that lots of people who see high-priced  
fruit in the window will buy it just  
to see "what it tastes like," and in this  
way these "samplers," as they are  
called by the trade, are a considerable  
source of profit to many of the high-  
class fruiterers. These samplers will  
cheerfully spend a dollar on an apple  
or a pear to enjoy the experience of  
eating such a luxury.

## NEW YORK, MOUSE TRAP.

View of Shore Line Brings a Compar-  
ison to a Grouchy Com-  
muter.

"New York," said the commuter who  
was coming to town to work under  
protest, relates the Sun, "reminds me  
of one of those old-fashioned mouse  
traps."

"See it? The old-fashioned trap, you  
know, was just a round piece of  
wood with little holes in the edge for  
the mouse to stick his head in, expect-  
ing to find something inside. When he  
got his head in and began to nibble his  
bait, the wire loop sprang up and  
choiced him to death."

"Now, there are holes all around the  
edge of Manhattan—I mean the ferry  
slips—and we suckers from out of town  
rush through them every morning,  
thinking that we are going to get some-  
thing on the inside, but most of us get  
it where the mouse did."

"There is another point of similarity  
that you have forgotten," remarked the  
grouchy man's companion. "They baited  
the old mouse trap with cheese sus-  
pended on a wire just inside the en-  
trance to the hole. There is a saloon  
opposite every ferry slip hole along the  
Manhattan water front. The cheese  
bait is on every free lunch bar."

And when the human mice scram-  
bled from the boat through the hole the  
workmaster seemed to have an intuition  
that the cost of going in where the  
cheese is kept was on him.

Good Enough.  
Miss Kate (in stationery store)—  
What kind of cards do you think the  
best for calling?

The New Clerk (absently)—I prefer  
four aces.—Chicago Journal.

## PLEASANT ILLUSION.



Henpeck—Well, after all, it's a good  
thing for a man to marry a nagging  
woman.

Mrs. Henpeck—Why so?

Henpeck—Even if he doesn't save a  
long life, it seems long.—Rochester  
Democrat and Chronicle.

## Foiled Fellow Students.

At Oxford university a certain un-  
dergraduate was adjudged too fond of  
dress, and it was decided to correct  
this weakness by dropping him bodily  
into a fountain. The victim was seized  
one night when attired in evening  
dress and promptly immersed. To the  
surprise of his assailants, he made no  
resistance, but seemed thoroughly to  
enjoy his bath. "This won't improve  
your clothes, old man," said the leader.  
"Oh, these aren't mine," he replied,  
mildly. "I heard what was on, so I  
slipped in and borrowed your dress  
things for the occasion."

## SEN. FAIRBANKS DULY NOTIFIED

Officially Told of His Nomination  
For the Vice-Presidency.

## CROWD WITNESSED CEREMONY

Ex-Secretary Root, the Spokesman,  
and Senator Fairbanks Were  
Both Recipients of Popu-  
lar Overtures.

Indianapolis, Aug. 4.—Charles W.  
Fairbanks, senior United States sen-  
ator from Indiana, was formally not-  
ified of his nomination for vice-pres-  
ident of the United States by the rep-  
ublican national convention.

The notification address was made by  
Elithu Root, ex-secretary of war, who  
was temporary chairman of the con-  
vention. The exercises were held on  
the wide veranda of Senator Fair-  
banks' beautiful home, in the presence  
of members of the notification com-  
mittee, consisting of one member from  
each state and territory, the governor,  
and other state officials of Indiana, the  
republican candidates for state office,  
the Indiana republican congressional  
delegation, Indiana delegates and al-  
ternates to the national convention, the  
state central committee and the Repub-



SENATOR CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

lican Editorial association. All these  
were present especially invited.

On the lawn surrounding the three sides  
of the residence and extending far on  
all sides beneath the great forest trees  
were several thousand friends, neigh-  
bors and political supporters of the  
senior senator. Massed in a body were  
1,000 members of the Marion club, who  
acted as escort for the distinguished  
visitors. Flags were seen everywhere.  
The house was elaborately decorated  
and on one side of the lawn two large  
tents were topped by waving banners.  
The day was one of the most beautiful  
of the year.

The especially invited guests were  
served with luncheon in large tents on  
the lawn, the general public was served  
with light refreshments in the house  
and a photograph of the candidate and  
committee was taken from the steps  
of the veranda.

The members of the notification  
committee arrived early. Ex-Secretary  
Root, after being given an informal  
reception, joined the other members of  
the committee at the English hotel.  
Shortly